

THE VVonderfull yeare.

1603.

Wherein is shewed the picture of London, lying sicke of the Plague.

At the ende of all (like a mery Epilogue to a dull Play) certaine Tales are cut out in sundry fashions, of purpose to shorten the lines of long winters nights, that lye watching in the darke for vs.

Et me rigidi legant Catones.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde
in Saint Donstones Church-yarde
in Fleet-streete.

THE
VONDERBILLY

1603

Wherin is shewed the picture of London, &c.
ing like other figures.

At the end of all (like a many Epigrams in a Ball Play) are
three T's: one out in many fashions of words
to shew the time of long winter nights
that are waiting in the dark season.

At the right hand (Censure)



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Crecde, and are to be sold
in Saint Dunstons Church-yard
at the Fleet-street.



TO HIS VVEL-

RESPECTED GOOD

friend, M. Cutbert Thuresby, VV^a
ter. Bayliffe of London.



Bokes are but poore gifts, yet
Kings receiue them: vpo which
I presume, you will not turne
This out of doores. Yet cannot
for shame but bid it welcome,
because it bringes to you a great quantitie of
my loue: which, if it be worth litle, (and no
maruell if *Loue* be solde vnder-foote, when the
God of *Loue* himselfe goes naked) yet I hope
you will not say you haue a hard bargaine, Si-
thēce you may take as much of it as you please
for nothing. I haue clapt the *Cognizance* of your
name, on these scribled papers, it is their liue-
ry: So that now they are yours: being free frō
any vile imputation, saue only, that they thrust
themselues into your acquaintance. But gene-
rall errors, haue generall pardons: for the title

of other mens names, is the common *Heraldry* which all those laie claime too, whose crest is a Pen-and-Inckhorne. If you read, you may happilie laugh; tis my desire you should, because mirth is both *Phisicall*, and wholesome against the *Plague*: with which sicknes, (to tell truth) this booke is, (though not sorely) yet somewhat infected. I pray, driue it not out of your companie for all that; for (assure your soule) I am so iealous of your health, that if you did but once imagine, there were gall in mine Incke, I would cast away the Standish, and forswear medling with anie more *Muses*.





To the Reader.



ND why to the *Reader*? Oh good Sir! theres as sound law to make you giue good words to the *Reader*, as to a *Constable* when hee carries his watch about him to tell how the night goes, tho (perhaps) the one (oftentimes) may be serued in for a *Goose*, and the other very fitly furnish the same messe: Yet to maintaine the scuruy fashion, and to keepe *Custom* in reparations, he must be honyed, and come-ouer with *Gentle Reader*, *Courteous Reader*, and *Learned Reader*, though he haue no more *Gentilitie* in him than *Adam* had (that was but a gardner) no more *Ciuitie* than a *Tartar*, and no more *Learning* than the most errand *Stinkard*, that (except his owne name) could neuer finde any thing in the *Horne-booke*.

How notoriously therefore do good wits dishonor, not on-ly their *Calling*, but euen their *Creation*, that worship *Glow-wormes* (in stead of the *Sun*) because of a litle false glistering? In the name of *Phaebus* what madnesse leades them vnto it? For he that dares hazard a pressing to death (thats to say, *To be a man in Print*) must make account that he shall stand (like the olde *Weathercock* ouer *Powles steeple*) to be beaten with all stormes. Neither the stinking *Tabacco* breath of a *Sattin-gull*, the *Aconited* sting of a narrow-eyde *Critick*, the faces of a phantastick *Stage-monkey*, nor the *Indredde-la* of a *Puritanicall Citizen*, must once shake him. No, but desperately re-solue (like a *French Post*) to ride through thick & thin: indure to see his lines torne pittifully on the rack: suffer his *Muse* to take the *Bastoon*, yea the very stab, & himselfe like a new stake to be a marke for euerie *Hagler*, and therefore (setting vp all these rests) why shuld he regard what fooles bolt is shot at him?

To the Reader.

Besides, if that which he presents vpon the Stage of the world be Good, why should he basely cry out (with that old poeticall mad-cap in his *Amphitruo*) *Iouis summi causa clare plaudite*, beg a *Plaudite* for God-sake! If Bad, who (but an Ass) would intreate (as Players do in a cogging *Epilogue* at the end of a filthie Comedy) that, be it neuer such wicked stufte, they would forbear to hisse, or to dam it perpetually to lye on a Stationers stall. For he that can so cosen himselfe, as to pocket vp praise in that silly sort, makes his braines fat with his owne folly.

But *Hinc Pudor!* or rather *Hinc Dolor*, heeres the Diuell! It is not the ratling of all this former haile-shot, that can terrifie our *Band* of *Castalian Pen-men* from entring into the field: no, no, the murdring Artillery indeede lyes in the roaring mouthes of a company that looke big as if they were the sole and singular *Commanders* ouer the maine Army of *Poesy*, yet (if *Hermes* muster-booke were searcht ouer) theile be found to be most pitifull pure fresh-water souldiers: they giue out, that they are heires-apparent to *Helicon*, but an easy *Herald* may make them meere yonger brothers, or (to say troth) not so much. Beare witnes all you whose wits make you able to be witnesses in this cause, that here I meddle not with your good Poets, *Nam tales, nusquam sunt hic amplius*, If you should rake hell, or (as *Aristophanes* in his *Frog sayes*) in any Celler deeper than hell, it is hard to finde Spirits of that *Fashion*. But those Goblins whom I now am coiuring vp, haue bladder-cheekes puffed out like a *Swizzers* breeches (yet being prickt, there comes out nothing but wind) thin-headed fellowes that liue vpon the scraps of inuention, and trauell with such vagrant soules, and so like Ghosts in white sheetes of paper, that the Statute of Rogues may worthily be sued vpon them, because their wits haue no abiding place, and yet wander without a passe-port. Alas, poore wenches (the nine Muses!) how much are you wrongd, to haue such a number of Bastards lying vpon your hands? But turne them out a begging; or if you cannot be rid of their Riming company (as I thinke it will be very hard) then lay your heauie and immortall curse vpon them, that

To the Reader.

that whatfoeuer they weaue (in the motley-loome of their rustie pates) may like a beggers cloake, be full of stolne patches, and yet neuer a patch like one another, that it may be such true lamentable stuffe, that any honest Christian may be fory to see it. Banish these *Word-pirates*, (you sacred mistresses of learning) into the gulfes of *Barbarisme*: doome them euerlastingly to liue among dunces: let them not once lick their lips at the *Thesbian* bowle, but onely be glad (and thanke *Apollo* for it too) if hereafter (as hitherto they haue alwayes) they may quench their poeticall thirst with small beere. Or if they will needes be stealing your *Heliconian Nectar*, let them (like the dogs of *Nylus*, onely lap and away. For this *Goatish* swarme are those (that where for these many thousand yeares you went for pure maides) haue taken away your good nemes, these are they that deflowre your beauties. These are those ranck-riders of Art, that haue so spur-gald your lustie wingd *Pegasus*, that now he begins to be out of flesh, and (euen only for prouander sake) is glad to shew tricks like *Banck* his Curtall. O you Bookes-sellers (that are Factors to the Liberall Sciences) ouer whose Stalles these Drones do dayly flye humming; let *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Euripides*, and some other mad Greekes with a band of the Latines, lye like musket-shot in their way, when these *Goths* and *Getes* set vpon you in your paper fortifications; it is the only Canon, vpon whose mouth they dare not venture, none but the English will take their parts, therefore feare them not, for such a strong breath haue these chese-eaters, that if they do but blow vpon a booke they imagine straight tis blasted: *Quod supra nos, Nihil ad nos*, (they say) that which is aboue our capacitie, shall not passe vnder our commendation. Yet would I haue these *Zoilists* (of all other) to reade me, if euer I should write any thing worthily: for the blame that knowne-fooles heape vpon a deseruing labour, does not discredit the same, but makes wise men more perfectly in loue with it. Into such a ones hands therefore if I fortune to fall; I will not shrinke an inch, but euen when his teeth are sharpest, and most ready to bite, I will stop his mouth only with this, *Hec mala sunt, sed tu, non meliora facis*.

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Reader.

WHereas there stands in the Rere-ward of this Booke
a certaine mingled Troope of straunge Discourses,
fashioned into Tales, Know, that the intelligence which first
brought them to light, was onely slyng Report: whose tongue
(as it often does) if in spreading them it haue tript in any
materiall point, and either slipt too farre, or false too short,
beare with the error: and therather, because it is not wil-
fully committed. Neither let any one (whom these Reports
shall seeme to touch) cauill, or complaine of iniury, sithence
nothing is set downe by a malicious hand. Farewell.





THE VVONDER- full yeare.



Vertumnus being attired in his accustomed habit of changeable silke, had newly passed through the first and principall Court-gate of heauen: to whom for a farewell, and to the two best dutifull he was in his office, Iamus (that beares two faces vnder one hood) made a very mannerly lowe legge, and (because he was the onely Doxter at that gate) presented vnto this King of the Doneths, all the New-yeares gifts, which were more in number, and more worth then those that are giuen to the great Turke, or the Emperour of Persia: on went Vertumnus in his lustie progresse, Priapus, Flora, the Dryades, and Hamadryades, with all the wooden rabble of those that dwell in Orchards & Gardens, perfuming all the wayes that he went, with the sweete Doours that breathed from flowers, hearbes and trees, which now began to peepe out of prison: by vertue of which excellent aires, the skie got a most cleare complexion, without smog and smothe, and had not so much as a wart sticking on her face: the Sunne likewise was freshly and very richly apparelled in cloth of gold like a Bridegrome, and in stead of gilded Rosemary, the hornes of the Maime, (being the signe of that celestiall bride-house where he lay, to be married to the Spring) were not like your common hornes parcell gilt, but double double gilt, with the liquid gold that melted from his beames, for so the Markie sung at his window every morning, the Nightingale every night, the Cuckoo (like a single

Vertumnus
God of the
yeare.

Description of
the Spring.

Vpon the 23.
of March the
Spring begins.
By reason of
the Sunnes en-
trance into A-
ries.

The wonderfull yeare.

sole Fidler, that reeles from Lauerne to Lauerne) playe it all the
 day long: Lambes friske vp and downe in the ballies, kids and
 Goates leapt to and fro on the Mountaines: Shepheards sat pi-
 ping, country wenches singing: Louers made Sonnets to their
 Lasses, whilst they made Garlandes for their Louers: And as
 the Country was scrolike, so was the Citie mery: Olive Trees
 (which grow no where but in the Garden of peace) stood (as com-
 mon as Beech does at Windsor) at euery mans doore, bzan-
 ches of Palme were in euery mans hand: Streetes were full of
 people, people full of ioy: euery house seemde to haue a Lorde of
 misrule in it, in euery house there was so much iollity: no Scritch-
 Owle frightened the silly Countryman at midnight, nor any Drum
 the Citizen at none-day; but all was more calme than a still wa-
 ter, all buxht, as if the Spheres had bene playing in Consort:
 In conclusion, heauen lookt like a Pallace, and the great hall of
 the earth, like a Paradise. But O the short liue felicitie of
 man! O world of what sight and thin stuffe is thy happinesse!
 Just in the midst of this iocund Holy-day, a storme rises in the
 West: Westward (from the toppe of a Rich-mount) descended
 a hideous tempest, that shooke Cedars, terrified the tallest Pines,
 and cleft in sunder even the hardest hearts of Daue: And if such
 great trees were shaken, what thinke you became of the tender
 Eglantine, and humble Hatothorne; they could not (doubtlesse)
 but dzoape, they could not chouse but die with the terror. The Ele-
 ment (taking the Destinies part, who indeed set abroach this mis-
 chiefe) scowled on the earth, and filling her hie forehead full of
 blacke wrinckles, tumbling long vp and downe (like a great bel-
 lyed wife) her sighes being whirlewindes, and her grones thun-
 der, at length she fell in labour, and was deliuered of a pale, mea-
 gry, weake child, named Sicknesse, whom Death (with a pesti-
 lence) would needes take vpon him to nurse, and did so. This
 Starueling being come to his full growth, had an office giuen him
 for nothing (and thats a wonder in this age) Death made him his
 Herauld: attirde him like a Courtier, and (in his name) chargde
 him to goe into the Priuie Chamber of the English Queene, to
 summon her to appeare in the Star-chamber of heauen.

The Queenes
 sicknes.

The summons made her start, but (hauing an invincible
 spirit)

The wonderfull year.

(spirit) did not amaze her: yet whom would not the certaine netwes of parting from a Kingdome amaze! Wnt she knewe where to finde a richer, and therefore lightlie regarded the losse of this, and thereupon made readie for that heauenlie Coronation, being (which was most strange) most dutifull to obey, that had so many yeares so potwefully commanded. She obeyed Deaths messenger, and yeldded her body to the hands of death himselfe. She dyed, resigning her Scepter to posteritie, and her Soule to immortallitie.

Her death.

No report of her death (like a thunder-clap) was able to kill thousands, it took away hearts from millions: for hauing brought vp (euen vnder her wing) a nation that was almost begotten and borne vnder her; that neuer shouted any other Aue than for her name, neuer sawe the face of any Prince but her selfe, neuer understode what that strange out-landish word Change signified: how was it possible, but that her sickness should throw abroad an vniuersall feare, and her death an astonishment: She was the Courtiers treasure, therefore he had cause to mourne: the Lawyers sword of iustice, he might well faint: the Merchants patronesse, he had reason to looke pale: the Citizens mother, he might best lament: the Sepheards Goddesse, and should not he dzoape? Onely the Souldier, who had walkt a long time vpon wooden legs, and was not able to giue Armes, though he were a Gentleman, had brisseld vp the quills of his stiffe Porcupine mustachio, and swoze by no beggers that now was the houre come for him to bestirre his stumps: Usurers and Brokers (that are the Diuels Ingles, and dwell in the long-lane of hell) quakt like aspen leaues at his oathes: those that before were the onely cut-throates in London, now stode in feare of no other death: but my Signior Soldado was deceiued, the Tragedie went not forward.

The general
terror that her
death bred.

Never did the English Nation behold so much black woyme as there was at her funerall: It was then but put on, to try if it were fit, for the great day of mourning was set downe (in the booke of heauen) to be held afterwards: that was but the dumb shew, the Tragical Act hath bene playing euer since. Her Verse (as it was borne) seemed to be an Island swimming in water, for

The wonderfull yeare.

round about it there rayned showers of teares, about her death
hed none: for her departure was so sudden and so strange, that
men knew not how to weep, because they had neuer bin taught
to shed teares of that making. They that durst not speake their
sorowes, whisperd them: they that durst not whisper, sent them
forth in sighes. Oh what an Earth-quake is the alteration of
a State! Look from the Chamber of Presence, to the Farmers
cottage, and you shall finde nothing but distraction: the whole
Kingdome seemes a wildernes, and the people in it are transfor-
med to wild men. The Map of a Countrey so pitifullie distrac-
ted by the horror of a change, if you desire perfectlie to behold,
cast your eyes then on this that followes, which being heretofore
in private presented to the King, I thinke may very worthily
shew it selfe before you: And because you shall see them attirde in
the same fashion that they wore before his Maiesty, let these selve
lines (which stand then as Prologue to the rest) enter first into
your eares.

Not for applauses, shallow fooles adventure,
I plunge my verse into a sea of censure,
But with a liuer drest in gall, to see
So many Rookes, catch-polls of poesie,
That feede vpon the fallings of hie wit,
And put on cast inuentions, most vnfit,
For such am I prest forth in shops and stalls,
Pasted in Powles, and on the Lawyers walls,
For euery basilisk-eyde Criticks bait,
To kill my verse, or poison my conceit;
Or some smoakt gallant, who at wit repines,
To dry Tabacco with my holesome lines,
And in one paper sacrifice more braine,
Than all his ignorant scull could ere containe:
But merit dreads no martyrdom, nor stroke,
My lines shall liue, when he shall be all smoke.

Thus farre the Prologue, who leaving the Stage cleere,
the teares that are bred in the wombe of this ailing Kingdome

The wonderfull yeare.

do next step by, acting thus:

THe great impostume of the realme was drawne
Euen to a head: the multitudinous spawne
Was the corruption, which did make it swell
With hop'd sedition (the burnt seed of hell.)
Who did expect but ruine, blood, and death,
To share our kingdome, and diuide our breath:
Religions without religion,
To let each other blood, confusion
To be next Queene of *England*, and this yeere
The ciuill warres of *France* to be plaide heere
By English-men, ruffians, and pandering slaues,
That faine would dig vp gowtie vsurers graues:
At such a time, villaines their hopes do honey,
And rich men looke as pale as their white money:
Now they remoue, and make their siluer sweate,
Casting themselves into a couetous heate,
And then (vnseene) in the confederate darke,
Bury their gold, without or Priest, or Clarke.
And say no prayers ouer that dead pelfe,
True: Gold's no Christian, but an Indian elfe.
Did not the very kingdome seeme to shake
Her precious massie limbes? did she not make
All English cities (like her pulses) beate
With people in their veines: the feare so great,
That had it not bene phisickt with rare peace,
Our populous power had lessend her increase.
The Spring-time that was dry, had sprung in blood;
A greater dearth of men, than e're of foode:
In such a panting time, and gasping yeare,
Victuals are cheapest, only men are deare.
Now each wise-acred Landlord did dispaire,
Fearing some villaine should become his heire,
Or that his sonne and heire before his time,
Should now turne villaine, and with violence clime
Vp to his life, saying father you haue seene

The wonderfull yeare.

King *Henry*, *Edward*, *Mary*, and the *Queene*,
I wonder you'le liue longer! then he tells him
Hees loth to see him kild, therefore he kills him,
And each vast Landlord dyes lyke a poore slaue,
Their thousand acres makes them but a graue,
At such a time great men conuey their treasure
Into the trusty Citie: wayts the leisure
Of bloud and insurrection, which warre clips,
When euery gate shutts vp her Iron lips,
Imagine now a mighty man of dust,
Standeth in doubt, what seruant he may trust,
With Plate worth thousands: Jewels worth farre more,
If he proue false, then his rich Lord proues poore:
He calls forth one by one, to note their graces,
Whilst they make legs he copies out their faces,
Examines their eye-browe, consters their beard,
Singles their Nose out, still he rests afeard:
The first that comes by no meanes heele alow,
Has spied three Hares starting betweene his brow,
Quite turnes the word, names it Celeritie,
For Hares do run away, and so may he:
A second shewne: him he will scarce behold,
His beard's too red, the colour of his gold:
A third may please him, but tis hard to say,
A rich man's pleasde, when his goods part away.
And now do cherrup by, fine golden nests
Of well hatcht bowles: such as do breed in feasts,
For warre and death cupboords of plate downe pulls,
Then *Bacchus* drinckes not in gilt-bowles, but sculls.
Let me descend and stoope my verse a while,
To make the Comicke cheeke of Poesie smile;
Ranck peny-fathers scud (with their halfe hammes,
Shadowing their calues) to saue their siluer dammes,
At euery gun they start, tilt from the ground,
One drum can make a thousand Vsurers found.
In vnfought Allies and vnholesome places,
Back-wayes and by-lanes, where appeare fewe faces,

The wonderfull yeare.

In shamble-smelling roomes, loathsome prospects,
And penny-lattice-windowes, which reiects
All popularitie: there the rich Cubs lurke,
When in great houses ruffians are at worke,
Not dreaming that such glorious booties lye
Vnder those nasty-roofes: such they passe by
Without a search, crying there's nought for vs,
And wealthie men deceiue poore villaines thus:
Tongue-travelling Lawyers faint at such a day,
Lye speechlesse, for they haue no words to say.
Phisitions turne to patients, their Arts dry,
For then our fat men without Phisick die.
And to conclude, against all Art and good,
Warre taints the Doctor, lets the Surgion blood.

Such was the fashion of this Land, when the great Land-
Lady thereof left it: Shee came in with the fall of the leafe, and
went away in the Spring: her life (which was dedicated to Vir-
ginitie, both beginning & closing by a miraculous Mayden circle:
for she was borne vpon a Lady Que, and died vpon a Lady Que:
her Natinitie & death being memorable by this wonder: the first
and last yeares of her Reigne by this, that a Lee was Lord
Maio: when she came to the Crowne, and a Lee Lord Maio:
when she departed from it. These places are made famous by her
for three things, Greenwich for her birth, Richmond for her
death, White-Hall for her funerall: vpon her removing from
whence, (to lend our tiring prose a breathing time) stay, and looke
vpon these Epigrams, being composed,

1. Vpon the Queenes last Remoue *being dead.*

THe Quene's remou'de in solenne sort,
Yet this was strange, and seldome scene;
The Quene vsde to remoue the Court,
But now the Court remou'de the Quene.

The wonderfull yeare.

2. Vpon her bringing by water to White Hall.

THe Queene was brought by wafer to White Hall,
At euery stroake, the Oares teares let fall.
More clung about the Barge: Fish vnder water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swom blind after.
I thinke the Barge-men might with easier thyes
Haue rowde her thither in her peoples eyes:
For howsoe're, thus much my thoughts haue skand,
S'had come by water, had she come by land.

3. Vpon her lying dead at White Hall.

THe Queene lyes now at White Hall dead,
And now at White Hall liuing,
To make this rough obiection euen,
Dead at White Hall at Westminster,
But liuing at White Hall in Heauen.

Thus you see that both in her life and her death shee was appointed to bee the mirroꝝ of her time: And surely, if since the first stone that was layd for the foundation of this great house of the world, there was euer a yeare ordained to be wonderd at, it is only this: the Sibils, Octogesimus, Octauus Annus, That same terrible 88. which came sayling hither in the Spanish Armado, and made mens hearts colder then the frozen Zone, when they heard but an inckling of it: That 88. by whose horrible predictions, Almanack-makers stood in bodily feare their trade would bee bitterly ouerthrowne, and poore Erra Pater was thzeatned (because he was a Jew) to be put to baser offices, than the stopping of mustard pots: That same 88. which had more prophecies waiting at his heeles, than euer Merlin the Magitian had in his head, was a yeare of Iubile to this. Platoes *Mirabilis*

Annus

1603. A more
wonderfull
yeare than 88.

The wonderfull yeare.

Annu, (whether it be past already, or to come within these four peares) may throwe Platoes cap at *Mirabilis*, for that title of wonderfull is bestowed vpon 1603. If that sacred Aromatickly-perfumed fire of wit (out of whose flames Phoenix poesie both arise) were burning in any brest, I would feede it with no other stuffe for a twelue moneth and a day than with kindling papers full of lines, that should tell only of the chances, changes, and strange shapés that this Protean Climactericall yeare hath metamorphosed himselfe into. It is able to finde ten Chronicklers a competent living, and to set twentie Printers at worke. You shall perceiue I lye not, if (with Peter Bales) you will take the paines to drawe the whole volume of it into the compasse of a pennie. As first, to begin with the Quēenes death, then the Kingdomes falling into an Ague vpon that. Next, followes the curing of that feauer by the wholesome receipt of a proclaimed King. What wonder begat more, for in an houre, two mightie Nations were made one: wilde Ireland became tame on the sudden, and some English great ones that befoze seemed tame, on the sudden turned wilde: The same Parke which great Iulius Cæsar inclosed, to hold in that Deere whome they befoze hunted, being now circled (by a second Cæsar) with stronger pales to keepe them from leaping ouer. And last of all (if that wonder be the last and shut vp the yeare) a most dreadfull plague. This is the abstract, and yet (like Stowes Chronicle of Decimo sexto to huge Hollinhead) these small picks in this Set-card of ours, represent mightie Countreys; whilst I haue the quill in my hand, let me blow them bigger.

The Quēene being honoured with a Diademe of Starres, France, Spaine, and Belgia, lift vp their heads, preparing to do as much for England by giuing ayde, whilst she shot arrowes at her owne brest (as they imagined) as she had done (many a yeare together) for them: and her owne Nation betted on their sides, looking with distracted countenance for no better guests than Ciuill Sedition, Vpstones, Rapes, Murders, and Massacres. But the wheele of fate turned, a better Lottery was drawne, *Pro Troia stabat Apollo*, God stuck valiantlie to vs. For behold, vp rises a comfortable Sun out of the North, whose glorious beames

The wonderfull yeare.

King James
proclaimed.

beames (like a fan) dispersed all thick and contagious cloudes. The losse of a Quene, was paid with the double interest of a King and Quene. The Cedar of her government which stood alone and bare no fruit, is changed now to an Olive, upon whose spreading branches grow both Kings and Quenes. Wh it were able to fill a hundred paire of writing tables with notes, but to see the parts plaid in the compasse of one houre on the stage of this new-found world! Upon Thursday it was treason to cry God save king James king of *England*, and upon Friday hee treason not to cry so. In the morning no voice heard but murmures and lamentation, at none nothing but shoutes of gladnes & triumphe. S. George and S. Andrew that many hundred yeares had defied one another, were now swozne brothers; *England* and *Scotland* (being parted only with a narrow River, and the people of both Empires speaking a language lesse differing than english with it selfe, as the providence had enacted, that one day those two Nations should marry one another) are now made sure together, and king James his Coronation, is the solemne wedding day. Happiest of all thy Ancestors (thou mirrour of all Princes that ever were or are) that at seaven of the clock wert a king but over a peece of a little Island, and before eleven the greatest Monarch in Christendome. Now

Siluer Crowds

Of blissfull Angels and tryed Martyrs tread
On the Star-seeling over *Englands* head:
Now heauen broke into a wonder, and brought forth
Our *omne bonum* from the holcsome North
(Our fruitfull souereigne) *Iamns*, at whose dread name
Rebellion swounded, and (ere since) became
Groueling and nerue-lesse, wanting blood to nourish,
For Ruine gnawes her selfe when kingdomes flourish,
Nor are our hopes planted in regall springs,
Neuer to wither, for our aire breeds kings:
And in all ages (from this soueraigne time)
England shall still be calde the royall clime.
Most blissfull Monarch of all earthen powers,
Seru'd with a messe of kingdomes, foure such bowers

(For

(For prosperous hiues, and rare industrious swarmes)
 The world containes not in her solid armes.
 O thou that art the Meeter of our dayes,
 Poets Apollo! deale thy Daphnoan bayes
 To those whose wits are bay-trees, euer greene,
 Vpon whose hie tops, Poetrie chirps vnseene:
 Such are most fit, t'apparell Kings in rimes,
 Whose siluer numbers are the Muses chimes,
 Whose spritely characters (being once wrought on)
 Out-live the marble th'are insculpt vpon:
 Let such men chaunt thy vertue, then they flye
 On Learnings wings vp to Eternitie.
 As for the rest, that limp (in cold desert)
 Hauing small wit, lesse iudgement, and least Art:
 Their verse! tis almost heresie to heare,
 Banish their lines some furlong, from thine care:
 For tis held dang'rous (by Apolloes signe)
 To be infected with a leaprous line.
 O make some Adamant Act(n'ere to be worne)
 That none may write but those that are true-borne:
 So when the worlds old cheekes shall race and peece,
 Thy Acts shall breath in Epitaphs of Steele.

By these Comments it appeares that by this time King James
 is proclaimed: now does fresh blood leape into the cheekes of the
 Courtier: the Souldier now hangs by his armes, and is glad that
 he shall feede vpon the blessed fruites of peace: the Scholler sings
 Hymnes in honoꝛ of the Muses, assuring himselfe now that
 Helicon will bee kept pure, because Apollo himselfe drinks
 of it. Now the thristie Citizen casts beyond the Moone, and
 seeing the golden age returned into the world againe, resolves
 to worship no Saint but money. Trades that lay dead & rotten,
 and were in all mens opinion vtterly damnd, started out of their
 trance, as though they had drinke of *Aqua Celestis*, or Unicornes
 horne, and swoze to fall to their olde occupations. Tayloꝛs
 meant no moꝛe to be called Merchant-tayloꝛs, but Merchants,
 foꝛ their shops were all lead soꝛth in leases to be turned into
 ships, and with their sheares (in stead of a Rudder) would they

The ioyes that
 followed vpon
 his proclay-
 ming.

The wonderfull yeare.

haue cut the Seas (like Lieutenant Taffaty) and sayle to the West
Indies for no worse stuffe to make hose and doublets of, than
beaten gold: Or if the necessitie of the time (which was likely
to stand altogether vpon brauery) should presse them to serue
with their iron and Spanish weapons vpon their shalls, then was
there a sharpe law made amongst them, that no workman should
handle any needle but that which had a pearle in his eye, nor any
copper thimble, vnlesse it were linde quite thzough, or bombasted
with siluer. What Mechanicall hardhanded Vulcanist (seeing the
dice of Fortune run so sweetly, and resolving to strike whilst the
iron was hote) but perswaded himselfe to be Master or head
Warden of the company ere halfe a yeare went about: The
worst players Boy stood vpon his good parts, swearing tragicall
and busking oathes, that how villainously soeuer he randed, or
what bad and vnlawfull action soeuer he entred into, he would in
despite of his honest audience, be halfe a sharer (at least) at home,
or else strowle (thats to say trauell) with some notozious wicked
floundzing company abroad. And good reason had these time-
catchers to be led into this fowles paradise, for they sawe mirth in
euery mans face, the streets were plund with gallants, Tabac-
conists filld vp whole Hauernes: Mintners hung out spicke and
span new Iuy bushes (because they wanted good wines) and their
old raine-beaten lattices marcht vnder other cullozs, hauing lost
both company and cullozs before. London was neuer in the high
way to preferment till now, now she resolved to stand vpon her
pantoffles: now (and neuer till now) did she laugh to scozne that
woyme-eaten pzoerbe of Lincolne was, London is, & Yorke
shall be, for she saw her selfe in better state then Ierusalem, she
went moze gallant then euer did Antwerp, was moze courted
by amorous and lustie suiters then Venice (the minion of Italy)
moze lostie towers stood (like a Coronet, or a spangled head-tire)
about her Temples, then euer did about the beautifull forehead
of Rome: Tyrus and Sydon to her were like two thatcht hou-
ses, to Theobals: & grand Cay: but a hogsty. *Hinc illa lacrima,*
She wept her belly full for all this. Whilst Troy was swelling
sack and sugar, and molozing fat venison, the mad Greekes made
bonefires of their houses: Old Priam was drinkeing a health o
the

the wooden hozle, and befoze it could be pledgd had his throat cut.
Cozne is no sooner ripe, but for all the pricking vp of his eares hee
is pard off by the shins, and made to goe vpon stumps. Flowers
no sooner budded, but they are pluckt vp and dye. Night walks at
the heeles of the day, and sorrow enters (like a tauerne-bill) at the
taile of our pleasures: for in the Appenine heighth of this immode-
rate ioy and securitie (that like Howles Steeple ouer-lookt the
whole Citty) Behold, that miracle-wozker, who in one minute
turnd our generall mourning to a generall mirth, does nowe a-
gaine in a moment alter that gladnes to shrikes & lamentation.

Here would Iaine make a full point, because posteritie should The Plague
not be frighted with those miserable Tragedies, which now my
Muse (as Chorus) stands ready to present. Time would thou
hadst neuer bene made wretched by bzinging them forth: Obliti-
on would in all the graues and sepulchres, whose ranke iawes
thou hast already closo vp, or shalt yet hereafter burst open, thou
couldst likewise bury them for ever.

A stiffe and freezing hozro: sucks vp the riuers of my blood:
my haire stands an ende with the panting of my bzaines: mine
eye balls are ready to start out, being beaten with the billowes of
my teares: out of my weeping pen does the inck mournefully
and moze bitterly than gall drop on the palefac'd paper, euen
when I do but thinke how the bowels of my sicke Country haue
bene tozne, Apollo therefore and you belwitching siluer-tongd
Muses, get you gone, Inuocate none of your names: Sorrow &
Truth, sit you on each side of me, whilst I am deliuered of this
deadly burden: prompt me that I may vtter ruthfull and passio-
nate condolement: arme my trembling hand, that it may bololy
rip vp and Anotimize the vlcrous body of this Anthropopha-
gized plague: lend me Art (without any counterfeit shadowing)
to paint and delineate to the life the whole stozz of this mortall
and pestiferous battaile, & you the ghosts of those moze (by many)
then 40000. that with the virulent poison of infection haue bene
driven out of your earthly dwellings: you desolate hand-wzin-
ging widowes, that beate your bolomes ouer your departing
husbands: you wofully distracted mothers that with disheuld
haire saue into swoonds, whilst you lye kissing the insensible cold

Anthropopha-
gi are Scythias,
that feed on
mens flesh.

lips of your breathlesse Infants: you out-cast and downe-troben
 Ophanes, that shall many a yeare hence remember moze fresh-
 ly to mourne, when your mourning garments shall looke olde
 and be soz gotten; And you the Genij of all those emptyed fami-
 lies, whose habitations are now among the Antipodes: Joyn
 all your hands together, and with your bodies cast a ring about
 me: let me behold your ghastly vizages, that my paper may re-
 ceive their true pictures: Eccho sozth your groines thzough the
 hollow truncke of my pen, and raine downe your gummy teares
 into mine Incke, that euen marble bosomes may be shaken with
 terroure, and hearts of Adamant melt into compassion.

What an vnmatchable torment were it soz a man to be bard
 vp euey night in a vast silent Charnell-house: hung (to make it
 moze hideous) with lamps dimly & slowly burning, in hollow and
 glimmering corners: where all the pauement should in stead of
 griene rushes, be strewe with blasted Rosemary: withered Hy-
 acinthes, fatall Cipresse and Ewe, thickly mingled with heapes of
 dead mens bones: the bare ribbes of a father that begat him, lying
 there: here the Chaplesse hollow scull of a mother that bore him:
 round about him a thousand Coarces, some standing bolt vp-
 right in their knotted winding sheetes: others halfe mouldzed in
 rotten coffins, that should suddenly yatone wide open, filling
 his nostrils with noysome stench, and his eyes with the sight of
 nothing but cratling woymes. And to keepe such a poze wozeth
 waking, he should heare no noise but of Toads croaking, Screech-
 Owles howling, Handzakes shziking: were not this an infer-
 nall pzison: would not the strongest, harted man (beset with such
 a ghastly hozro) looke wilde: and runne madde: and die: And
 euen such a sozmidable shape did the diseased Citie appeare in:
 For he that durst (in the dead houre of glomy midnight) haue
 bene so valiant, as to haue walkt thzough the still and melanco-
 ly streets, what thinke you should haue bene his musicke: Surely
 the loude groines of raving sicke men: the struggling panges of
 soules departing: In euey house griefe striking vp an Allarum:
 Seruants crying out soz maisters: wiues soz husbands, parents
 soz childzen, childzen soz their mothers: here he should haue met
 some frantickly running to knock vp Sextons; there, others fear-
 fully

The wonderfull yeare.

fully sweating with Coffins, to steale forth dead bodies, least the fatall hand-writting of death should seale vp their dozes. And to make this dismall comfort moze full, round about him Bells heauily tolling in one place, and ringing out in another: The dreadfullnesse of such an houre, is in-vtterable: let vs goe further.

If some poore man, suddenly starting out of a sweete and golden slumber, should behold his house flaming about his eares, all his family destroyed in their sleepes by the mercilesse fire; himselfe in the very midst of it, wofully and like a madde man calling for helpe: would not the misery of such a distressed soule, appeare the greater, if the rich Usurer dwelling next doze to him, should not stirre, (though he felt part of the danger) but suffer him to perish, when the thrusting out of an arme might haue saued him? How many thousands of wretched people haue acted this poore mans part: how often hath the amazed husband waking, found the comfort of his bedde lying breathlesse by his side: his children at the same instant gasping for life! and his seruants mortally wounded at the hart by sicknes! the distracted creature, beats at death dozes, exclaines at windowes, his cries are sharp inough to pierce heauen, but on earth no care is open to receiue them.

And in this maner do the tedious minutes of the night stretch out the sorowes of ten thousand: It is now day, let vs looke forth and try what Consolation rises with the Sun: not any, not any: for before the Jewell of the morning be fully set in skuer, hundred hungry graues stand gaping, and every one of them (as at a breakfast) hath swallowed downe ten or eleven liuelles carcasses: before dinner, in the same guise are twice so many moze deuoured: and before the sun takes his rest, those numbers are doubled: Threescore that not many houres before had euery one seuerall lodgings very delicately furnished, are now thrust altogether into one close roome: a litte noisome roome: not fully ten fote square. Doth not this strike coldly to y hart of a worldly mixer? To some, the very sound of deaths name, is in stead of a passing-bell: what shall become of such a coward, being told that the selfe-same bodie of his, which now is so pampered with superfluous fare, so perfumed and bathed in odoriferous waters, and so gaily apparelled in varietie of fashions, must one day be throwne (like stinking carion) into a rank & rotten graue; where his goodly eyes, y did once shoute

The wonderfull yeare.

forth such amorous glances, must be beaten out of his head: his lockes that hang wantonly dangling, troden in dirt vnder-foote: this doubtlesse (like thunder) must needs strike him into the earth. But (wretched man!) when thou shalt see, and be assured (by tokens sent thee from heaven) that to morrow thou must be tumbled into a Ducke-pit, and suffer thy body to be byrde and press with threescore dead men, lying stonely vpon thee, and thou to be vndermost of all! yea and perhaps halfe of that number were thine enemies! (and see howe they may be reuenged, for the wormes that breed out of their putrifying carcases, shall crawle in huge swarmes from them, and quite deuoure thee) what agonies will this strange netwes dize thee into? If thou art in love with thy selfe, this cannot choise but possesse thee with frenzie. But thou art gotten safe (out of the ciuill citie Calamitie) to thy Parkes and Pallaces in the Country, lading thy asses and thy Mules with thy gold, (thy god), thy plate, and thy Jewels: and the fruites of thy wombe thristily growing vp but in one onely sonne, (the young Landlord of all thy carefull labours) him also hast thou rescued from the arrowes of infection; Now is thy soule iocund, and thy senses merry. But open thine eyes thou Foole and behold that darling of thine eye, (thy sonne) turne suddenly into a lumpe of clay; the hand of pestilence hath smote him euen vnder thy wing: Now dost thou rent thine haire, blaspheme thy Creator, curstest thy creation, and basely descendest into brutish & vnnaturally passions, threating in despite of death & his Plague, to maintaine the memory of thy childe, in the euermassing breast of Marble: a tombe must now defend him from tempests: and for that purpose, the swetty hinde (that digs the rent he payes thee out of the entrailes of the earth) he is sent for, to conuey forth that burden of thy sorrow: But note how thy pride is disdained: that weather-beaten sun-burnt dudge, that not a month since sat vpon thy worship like a Spaniell, and like a bond-slave, would haue stoopt lower than thy seate, does now stoppe his nose at thy presence, and is readie to set his Massine as hye as thy throte, to dize thee from his doore: all thy golde and siluer cannot hire one of those (whom before thou didst scorne) to carry the dead body to his last home: the Country round about thee than thee, as a Bas
Aliske

fliske, and therefore to London (from whose armes thou cowardly fledst away) (poast vpon poast must be galloping, to fetch from thence those that may perfoyme that Funerall Office: But there are they so full of graue-matters of their owne, that they haue no leisure to attend thine: doth not this cut thy very heart-strings in sunder: If that doe not, the shutting vp of the Tragicall Act, I am sure will: for thou must be inforced with thine owne handes, to winde vp (that blasted flower of youth) (in the last linnen, that euer he shall weare: vpon thine owne shoulders must thou beare part of him, thy amazed seruant the other: with thine owne handes must thou dig his grane, (not in the Church, or common place of buriall,) thou hast not fauour (for all thy riches) to be so happie,) but in thine Dycharde, or in the proude walkes of thy Garden, wringing thy palse-shaking hands in stead of belles, (most miserable father) must thou search him out a sepulcher.

My spirit growes faint with rowing in this Stygian Ferry, it can no longer endure the transportation of soules in this dolefull manner: let vs therefore shift a point of our Compasse, and (since there is no remedie, but that we must still bee tost vp and downe in this *Mare mortuum*) hoist vp all our sailes, and on the merry winges of a lustier winde seeke to arrive on some prosperous shoare.

Imagine then that all this while, Death (like a Spanish Leagar, or rather like stalking Tamberlaine) hath pitcht his tents, (being nothing but a heape of winding sheetes tackt together) in the sinfully-polluted Suburbes: the Plague is Muster-maister and Marshall of the field: Burning Feauers, Boyles, Blaines, and Carbuncles, the Leaders, Lieutenants, Sericants, and Corporalls: the maine Army consisting (like *Dunkirke*) of a mingle-mangle, viz. dumpish Hourners, merry Dertons, hungry Coffin-sellers, scrubbing Bearers, and nastie Graue-makers: but indeed they are the Pioners of the Campe, that are imployed onely (like Holes) in casting vp of earth and digging of trenches: Feare and Trembling (the two Catch-polles of Death) arrest every one: No parley will be graunted, no composition stood vpon, But the Allarum is stricke vp, the Toxin rings out for life, and no voyce heard but *Tue, Tue, Kill, Kill*; the little

Belles onely (like small shot) doe yet goe off, and make no great worke for wzmes, a hundred or two lost in euery skirmish, or so: but alas thats nothing: yet by these desperat sallies, what by open setting vpon them by day, and secret Ambuscadoes by night, the skirts of London were pittifully pared off, by litle and litle: which they within the gates perceiuing, it was no best to bid them take their heeles, for away they trudge thick and threefold, some riding, some on foote: some without bootes, some in their slippers, by water, by land, In shoales swom they West-ward, many to Grauesend none went vntill they be dyen, for whosoener landed there neuer came back again: Hacknies, water-men & Wagons, were not so terribly employed many a yeare; so that within a short time, there was not a good horse in Smith-field, nor a Coach to be set eye on. For after the wozle had once run vpon the wheeles of the West-cart, neither coach nor caroch durst appeare in his likeness.

Let vs pursue these runnawayes no longer, but leaue them in the vnnmercifull hands of the Country-hard-hearted Hobbinolls, (who are ordaind to be their Wozmentors,) and retarne backe to the siege of the Citie; for the enimie taking aduantage by their flight, planted his ordinance against the walls; here the Canons (like their great Bells) roard: the Plague took soze paines for a breach, he laid about him cruelly, ere he could get it, but at length he and his tiranous band entred: his purple colours were presently (with the sound of Bow-bell in stead of a trumpet) aduanced, and ioyned to the Standard of the Citie; he marcht enen thorough Cheapside, and the capitall streets of Troynouant: the only blot of dishonour that struck vpon this Inuader, being this, that he plaies the tyrant, not the conqueror, making haucke of all, when he had all lying at the foote of his mercy. Men, women & child; enbroyd downe before him: houses were rifled, streets ransackt, beautifull maidens throwne on their beds, and rauisht by sick-riens: rich mens Coffers broken open, and shared amongst prodigall heires and vnthriftie seruants: poore men blbe poorely, but not pittifully: he did very much hurt, yet some say he did very much good. Whosoener he behaued himselfe, this intelligence runs currant, that euery house lookt like St. Bartholmewes Hospitall, and

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and every street like Bucklersbury, for poore Methridatum and Dragon-water (being both of them in all the world, scarce worth three-pence) were sold in every corner, and yet were both drunk every houre at other mens cost. Lazarus lay groining at every mans doore, many no Diuine was within to send him a crum, (for all your Gold-fishes were fled to the woods) nor a dogge left to lick by his sores, for they (like Curres) were knockt downe like Oxen, and sell thicker then Acornes.

I am amazed to remember what dead Burches were made of three thousand trooping together; husbands, wiues & children, being led as ordinarily to one grave, as if they had gone to one bed. And those that could shift for a time, and shrink their heads out of the collar (as many did) yet went they (most bitterly) mitching and muffled by & downe, with Rye and Whortlemewood flust into their eares and nostrils, looking like so many Boxes heads stuck with branches of Rosemary, to be served in for Brawn at Christmas.

This was a rare world for the Church, who had wont to complaine for want of lining, and now had more lining thrust by on her, than she knew how to bestow: to have bene Clarke now to a parish Clarke, was better then to serue some foolish Justice of Peace, or than the yeare before to have had a Benefice. Dextons gaue out, if they might (as they hoped) continue these doings but a tweluenoneth longer, they and their posteritie would all ryde vpon satecloathes to the ende of the world. Amongst which worme-eaten generation, the three bald Dextons of limping Saint Gyles, Saint Sepulchres, and Saint Olaus, ruled the roaste more hotly, than euer did the Triumviri of Rome, Ichochanan, Symeon, and Eleazar, neuer kept such a plaguy coyle in Ierusalem among the hunger-starued Iewes, as these three Sharkers did in their Parishes among naked Christians. Cursed they were I am sure by some to the pitte of hell, for tearing money out of their throates, that had not a crosse in their purses. But alas! they must haue it, it is their fee, and therefore giue the Diuell his due: Onely Hearbe-wiues and Gardeners (that neuer prayed before, vntill it were for Raine or faire Weather, were now day and night vpon their marybones, that God would blesse the labors of those mole-

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catchers,

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The wonderfull yeare.

catchers, because they lacke sweetnesse by this; for the price of flowers, Hearbes and garlands, rose wonderfully, in so much that Rosemary which had wont to be sold for 12. pence an armefull, went now for six shillings a handfull.

A fourth sharer likewise (these winding-sheet-weavers) deserves to haue my penne giue his lippes a Jewes Letter, but because he worships the Bakers good Lord & Maister, charitable S. Clement (whereas none of the other three euer had to do with any Saint) he shall scape the better: only let him take heede, that hauing all this yeare buried his pzaiers in the bellies of Fat ones, and plump Capon-eaters, (for no worse meat would downe this Bly-fores stomach) let him I say take heede least (his flesh now falling away) his carcas be not plagued with leane ones, of whom (whilst the bill of Lord haue mercy vpon vs, was to be denied in no place) it was death for him to heare.

In this pittifull (or rather pittilfulle) perplexitie stood London; forsaken like a Louer, forlorne like a widow, and disarmed of all comfort: disarmed I may well say, for five Rapiers were not stirring all this time, and those that were worne, had neuer bin scene, if any money could haue bene lent vpon them, so hungry is the Estridge disease, that it will deuoure euen Iron: let vs therefore with bag & baggage march away from this dangerous sore Citie, and visit those that are fled into the Country. But alas! Decidis in Scyllam, you are pepperd if you visit them, for they are visited already: the broad Arrow of Death, flies there vp & downe, as swiftly as it doth here: they that rode on the lustiest geldings, could not out-gallop the Plague, It ouer-tooke them, and ouerturnd them to horse and foote.

You whom the arrowes of pestilence haue reacht at eighteen and twenty score (tho you stood far enough as you thought frō the marke) you that sickning in the hie way, would haue bene glad of a bed in an Hospitall, and dying in the open fieldes, haue bene buried like dogs, how much better had it bin for you, to haue been fuller of byles & Plague-sores than euer did Iob, so you might in that extremity haue receiued both bodily & spiritual comfort, which there was denied you: For those misbelœuing Pagans, the plough-dziuers, those worse then Infidels, that (like their Swine
neuer.

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never looke vp so high as Heauen: when Citizens boarded them they wꝛung their hands, and wisht rather they had salne into the hands of Spaniards: for the sight of a flat-cap was moze dreadfull to a Lob, then the discharging of a Caliuier: a treble-ruffe (being but once named the Merchants set) had power to cast a whole household into a cold sweat. If one new suite of Sackcloth had beens but knowne to haue come out of Burchin-lane (being the common Wardrope for all their Clowne-ships) it had beene enough to make a Market towne giue vp the ghost. A Crow that had beene seene in a Sunne-shine day, standing on the top of Rowles, would haue beene better than a Beacon on fire, to haue raizd all the towne within ten miles of London, for the keeping her out.

2
Neuer let any man aske me what became of our Physicians in this Massacre, they hid their Synodicall heads aswell as the proudest: and I cannot blame them, for their Phlebotomies, Losinges, and Electuaries, with their Diacatholicons, Diacodions, Amulets, and Antidotes, had not so much strength to hold life and soule together, as a pot of Pinders Ale and a Putnig: their Drugs turned to dirt, their simples where simple things: Galen could do no moze good, than Sir Giles Colescap: Hippocrates, Auicenn, Paracelsus, Rasis, Fernelius, with all their succeeding rabble of Doctors and Water-casters, were at their wite end, or I thinke rather at the worlds end, for not one of them durst peepe abroad; or if any one did take vpon him to play the ventrous knight, the Plague put him to his Nonplus; in such strange, and such changeable shapes did this Camelon-like sickness appeare, that they could not (with all the cunning in their budgets) make pursents to take him napping.

• Quely a band of Desper-bewes, some fewe Empiricall madcaps (for they could neuer be worth beluet caps) turned themselves into Bees (or moze properly into Drones) and went humming vp and downe, with hony-bzags in their mouthes, sucking the swætnes of Silver (and now and then of *Aurum Potabile*) out of the poison of Blaines and Carbuncles: and these toly Mountibanks clapt vp their bills vpon every post (like a Fencers Challenge) thzeatning to canuas the Plague, and to

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fight with him at all his owne severall weapons: I know not how they sped, but some they sped I am sure, for I have heard them band for the Heavens, because they sent those thither, that were wisht to tarry longer upon earth.

I could in this place make your cheekes looke pale, and your hearts shake, with telling how some have had 18. sores at one time running upon them, others 10. and 12. many 4. and 5. and how those that have bin foure times wounded by this yeares infection, have dyed of the last wound, whilst others (that were hurt as often) goe up and downe now with sounder limmes, then many that come out of France, and the Nether-lands. And descending from these, I could draw forth a Catalogue of many poore wretches, that in fieldes, in ditches, in common Cages, and under stalls (being either thrust by cruell maisters out of doores, or wanting all worldly succour but the common benefit of earth and aire) have most miserably perished. But to Chronicle these would weary a second Fabian.

We will therefore play the Souldiers, who at the end of any notable battaile, with a kind of sad delight rehearse the memorable acts of their friends that lye mangled before them: some shewing how bravely they gave the onset: some, how politickly they retirede: others, how manfully they gave and received wounds: a fourth steps forth, and glories how valiantly hee lost an arme: all of them making (by this meanes) the remembrance even of tragical and mischionous euent very delectable. Let vs strive to do so, discoursing (as it were at the end of this mortall siege of the Plague) of the severall most worthy accidents, and strange birthes which this pestiferous yeare hath brought forth: some of them yielding Comical and ridiculous stufte, others lamentable: a third kind, bpholding rather admiration, then laughter or pittie.

As first, to relish the pallat of lickerish expectation, and with all to give an Item how sudden a stabber this ruffianly swaggerer (Death) is, You must beleene, that amongst all the weary number of those that (on their bare seete) have travailed (in this long and heauie vocation) to the Holy-land, one (whose name I could for needs bestow upon you) but that I know you have no
need

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need of it, tho many want a good name) lying in that common Inn
of sick-men, his bed, & seeing the black & blew stripes of the plague
sticking on his flesh, which he received as tokens (from heauen)
that he was presently to goe dwell in the vpper world, most ear-
nestly requested, and in a manner coniuers his friend (who
came to enterchange a last farewell) that hee would see him goe
handsomely attird into the wild Irish countrey of wozmes, and
so; that purpose to bestow a Coffin vpon him: his friend louing
him (not because he was poore (yet he was poore) but because hee
was a Scholler: Alack that the West Indies stand so farre from
Vniuersities! and that a minde richly apparelled should haue a
thyrd-bare body!) made faithfull promise to him, that he should
be naild vp, he would bury him, and so; that purpose went in-
stantly to one of the new-found trade of Coffin-cutters, bespake
one, and (like the Surveyour of deaths buildings) gaue direction
how this little Tenement should be framed, paying all the rent
so; it before hand. But note vpon what slippery ground, life goes!
little did he thinke to dwell in that roome himselfe which he had
taken so; his friend: yet it seemed the common law of mortallitie
had so decreed, so; hee was cald into the colde companie of his
graue neighbours an houre before his infected friend, and had a
long lease (euen till doomes day) in the same lodging, which in
the strength of health he went to prepare so; another. What
credit therefore is to be giuen to breath, which like an harlot will
runne away with euery minute. How nimble is sicknesse, and
what skill hath he in all the weapons he playes withall: The
greatest cutter that takes vpon the Mediterranean Ile in Bowles
so; his Gallery to walke in, cannot ward off his blowes. Hee
the best fencer in the world: Vincentio Sauiole is no body to
him: He has his Paradoxes, Ambocataes, Stramazones,
and Stocataes at his fingers-ends: heele make you giue him
ground, though ye were neuer worth soote of land, and beat you
out of breath, though Acolus himselfe playd vpon your wind-pipe.

To witnes which, I will call forth a Dutch-man (yet now hee
past calling so;, has lost his hearing, so; his eares by this time
are eaten off with wozmes) who (though hee dwelt in Bed-
lem) was not mad, yet the very tokens of the Plague (which
indeed

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indeed are terrible) put him almost out of his wits, for when the snares of this cunning hunter (the Pestilence) were but newly layd, and yet layd (as my Dutch-man semt it out well enough) to intrap poore mens liues that meant him no hurt, alway sneakes my clipper of the kings english, and (because Musket-shot should not reach him) to the Low-countries (that are built vpon butter-firkins, and Holland cheese) sailes this plagueie fugitive, but death, (who hath moze authoritie there than all the seauen Electors, and to shew him that there were other Low-countrey besides his owne) takes a little frekin (one of my Dutch runnawayes childzen) and sends her packing, into those Netherlands she departed: Oh how pitifully lookt my Burgomaister, when he vnderstood that the sicknes could swim! It was an easie matter to scape the Dorkirks, but Deaths Gallies made out after him swifter then the great Turkes. Which he perceiuing, made no moze adoe, but drunke to the States five or six healths (because he would be sure to liue well) and backe againe comes he, to try the strength of English Beere: his old Randeuous of mad-men was the place of meeting, where he was no sooner arrived, but the Plague had him by the backe, and arrested him vpon an *Execrable Regnum*, for running to the enemye, so that for the mad tricks he plaid to cozen our English woymes of his Dutch carkas (which had bene fatted here) sicknesse and death clapt him vp in Bedlem the second time, and there he lyes, and there he shall lye till he rot befoze ile meddle any moze with him.

But being gotten out of Bedlem, let vs make a iourney to Bristow, taking an honest knowne Citizen along with vs, who with other company trauielling thither (onely for feare the aire of London should conspire to poison him) and setting vp his rest not to heare the sound of Bow-bell till next Christmas, was notwithstanding in the hie way singled out from his company, and set vpon by the Plague, who had him stand, and deliuer his life. The rest at that word shifted for themselves, and went on, hee (amazed to see his friends flye, and being not able to defend himselfe, for who can defend himselfe meeting such an enemy?) yielded, and being but about fortie miles from London, vled all the flights he could to get loose out of the handes of death, and so to
hide

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hjde himselfe in his owne house, whereupon, he calld for help at the same Anne, where not long befoze he and his fellowe pilgrimes obtained for their money (many yet with moze prayers then a beggar makes in three termes) to stand and drinke some thirtie foote from the doze. To this house of tipling iniquitie hee repaires againe, coniuring the Lares or walking Sprites in it, if it were Christmas (that it was well put in) and in the name of God, to succor and rescue him to their power out of the handes of infection, which now assailed his body: the Diuell would haue bene afraid of this coniuration, but they were not, yet afraid they were it seemed, for presently the dozes had their wooden ribs crusht in pierecs, by being beat n together: the casements were shut moze close than an Usurers greasie velvet pouch: the drawing windowes were hangd, drawne, and quartred: not a crevis but was stoppt, not a mouse-hole left open, for all the holes in the house were most wickedly dambd vp: mine Hoste and Hostesse ranne ouer one another into the backe-side, the maydes into the Orchard, quivering and quaking, and ready to hang themselves on the innocent Plumb trees (for hanging to them would not be so soze a death as the Plague, and to die maides too! O horrible!) As for the Tapster, he fled into the Cellar, rapping out five or sixe plaine Countrey oathes, that hee would drowne himselfe in a most villanous Stand of Ale, if the sicke Londoner stode at the doze any longer. But stand there he must, for to go away (well) he cannot, but continues knocking and calling in a faint voyce, which in their eares sounded, as if some staring ghost in a Tragedie had exclaimed vpon Rhadamanth: he might knocke till his hands akte, and call till his heart akte for they were in a woyle pickle within, then hee was without: hee being in a good way to go to Heauen, they being so frightened, that they scarce knew whereabout Heauen stode, onely they all cryed out, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, yet Lord haue mercie vpon vs was the onely thing they feared. The dolefull catastrophe of all is, a bed could not be had for all Babriou: not a cup of drinke, no, nor cold water be gotten, though it had bin for Alexander the great: if a draught of *Aqua-vie* might haue saved his soule, the towne denyed to do God that good service.

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What miserie continues ever: the poore man standing thus at deaths doore, and looking euery minute when he should bee let in, behold, another Londoner that had like wise bene in the *Frigidazons* of the Countrey, and was returning (like *Aeneas* out of hell) to the heauen of his owne home, makes a stand at this sight, to play the *Physition*, and seeing by the complexion of his patient that he was sick at heart, applies to his soule the best medicines that his comforting speech could make, for there dwelt no *Poticary* neere enough to helpe his body. Being therefore driuen out of all other shifts, he leads him into a field (a bundle of *Stawes*, which with much adoe he bought for money, seruing in stead of a *Willow*.) But the *Destinies* hearing the diseased partie complaine and take on, because hee lay in a field bedde, when befoze hee would haue bene glad of a mattresse, for very spight cut the threade of his life, the crueltie of which deepe made the other that playd *Charities* part) at his wittes end, because hee knew not where to purchase tenne scoote of ground for his graue: the Church nor Churchyard would let none of their lands. *Malster* *Uicar* was stricke dumbe, and could not giue the dead a good word, neither *Clarke* nor *Serton* could be hired to execute their Office; no, they themselves would first be executed: so that he that neuer handled *Shouell* befoze, got his implements about him, ripped vp the belly of the earth, and made it like a graue, stript the colde carcasse, bound his shirt about his teete, pulled a linnen night cappe ouer his eyes, and so layde him in the rotten bedde of the earth, couering him with cloathes cut out of the same piece: and learning by his last words his name and habitation, this sad *Trauailler* arrives at *London*, deliuering to the amazed widdow and childzen, in stead of a father and a husband, onely the out-side of him, his apparell. But by the way note one thing, the bringer of these heauy tydings (as if he had liued long enough when so excellent a worke of pietie and pittie was by him finished) the very next day after his coming home, departed out of this world, to receiue his reward in the *Spirituall Court* of heauen.

It is plaine therefore by the euidence of these two witnesses, that death, like a thiefe, sets vpon men in the hie way, dogs them into

into their owne houses, breakes into their bed chambers by night, assaults them by day, and yet no law can take hold of him: he deuoures man and wife: offers violence to their faire daughters: kills their youthfull sonnes, and deceiues them of their seruants: yea, so full of trecherie is he growne (since this Plague tooke his part) that no Louers dare trust him, nor by their good wils would come neare him, for he woakes their downfall, even when their delights are at the highest.

To ripe a pzoole hane we of this, in a paire of Louers; the maide was in the pride of fresh bloud and beautie: she was that which to be now is a wonder, yong and yet chaste: the gifts of her mind were great, yet those which fortune bestowed vpon her (as being well descended) were not much inferiour: On this louely creature did a yong man so stedfastly fixe his eye, that her looks kindled in his bosome a desire, whose flames burnt the more brightly, because they were fed with sweet and modest thoughts: Hymen was the God to whome he prayed day and night that he might marry her: his praers were receiued, at length (after many tempests of her deniall, and frownes of kinsfolk) the element grew cleere, & he saw y^e happy landing place, where he had long lought to arrive: the prize of her youth was made his owne, and the solempne day appointed when it should be deliuered to him. Glad of which blessednes (for to a louer it is a blessednes) he wrought by all the possible art he could vse to shorten the expected houre, and bring it neerer: for, whether he feared the interception of parents, or that his owne soule, with excelle of ioy, was drowned in strange passions; he would often, with sighs mingled with kisses, and kisses halfe sinking in teares, prophetically tell her, that sure he should neuer liue to enioy her. To discredit which opinion of his, behold, the sunne had made halt and wakened the bridale morning. Now does he call his heart traitour, that did so falsly conspire against him: liuely bloud leapeth into his cheekes: he's got vp, and gaily attirds to play the bridegroom, she likewise does as cunningly turne her selfe into a bride: kindred and friends are mette together, soppes and muscadine run sweating vp and downe till they drop againe, to comfort their hearts, and because so many coffins pestred Lon don Churches,

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that

that there was no room left for weddings, Coaches are provided, and away rides all the traine into the Countrey. On a Monday morning are these lustie Lovers on their journey, and before none are they alighted, entring (insteade of an Inne) for more state into a Church, where they no sooner appeared, but the Priest fell to his business, the holy knot was a tying, but he that should fasten it, comming to this, In sicknesse and in health, there he stopt, for sodainly the bride took holde of, in sickness, for in health all that stood by were in feare she should neuer be kept. The maiden-blush into which her cheekes were lately died, now beganne to lose colour: her voyce (like a coward) would haue shrunk away, but that her Lover reaching her a hand, which he brought thither to give her, (for he was not yet made a full husband) did with that touch somewhat reuiue her: on went they againe so farre, till they mette with For better, for worse, there was she worse than before, and had not the holy Officer made haste, the ground on which she stood to be marryed might easily haue bene broken by for her burvall. All ceremonies being finished, she was ledde betwene them, not like a Bride, but rather like a Coarse, to her bed: That must now be the table, on which the wedding dinner is to be serued vpp (being at this time, nothing but teares, and sighes, and lamentation) and Death is chiefe waiter, yet at length her weak heart wastling with the pangs, gaue them a fall, so that by shee stood againe, and in the fatall funerall Coach that carried her forth, was she brought back (as vpon a beere) to the Citie: but see the malice of her enemy that had her in chase, vpon the Tuesday following being overtaken, was her life overcome, Death rudely lay with her, and spoild her of a maiden head in spite of her husband. Oh the sorrow that did round beset him! now was his diuination true, she was a wife, yet continued a maide: he was a husband and a widdower, yet neuer knew his wife: she was his owne, yet he had her not: she had him, yet neuer enioyed him: here is a strange alteration, for the rosemary that was washt in sweete water to set out the Bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish her buriall: the musike that was heard to sound forth dances, can not now be heard for the ringing of belles: all the comfort that

that happened to either side being this, that he lost her, before she had time to be an ill wife, and she left him, ere he was able to be a bad husband.

Better fortune had this Bride, to fall into the hands of the Plague, then one other of that fraile female sex, (whose picture is next to be drawne) had so scape out of them. An honest cobbler (if at least cobblers can be honest, that live altogether amongst wicked soales) had a wife, who in the time of health treading her shoe often alway, determined in the agony of a sicknesse (which this yeare had a saying to her) to fall to mending aswell as her husband did. She bed that she lay upon (being as she thought or rather feared) the last bed that euer should beare her, (for many other beds had borne her you must remember) and the worrme of sinne tickling her conscience, by she calls her very innocent and simple husband out of his vertuous shoppe, where like Justice he sat distributing amongst the poore, to some, halfe-penny peeces, penny peeces to some, and two-penny peeces to others, so long as they would last, his prouident care being alway, that euery man and woman should goe vp-right. To the beds side of his plaguy wife approacheth Monsieur Cobbler, to vnderstand what deadly newes she had to tell him, and the rest of his kinde neighbours that there were assembled: such thicke teares standing in both the gutters of his eyes, to see his beloued lie in such a pickle, that in their salt water, all his utterance was drowned: which she perceiving, wept as fast as he: But by the warme counsell that sat about the bed, the shower ceast, she wiping her cheekes with the corner of one of the sheetes: and he, his sullied face, with his leatherne apron. At last, two or three sighes (like a Chorus to the tragedy ensuing) stepping out first, wringing her handes (which gave the better action) she told the pittifull Actæon her husband, that she had often done him wrong: he onely shooke his head at this, and cried humb! which humb, she taking as the watch-word of his true patience, vnravelled the bottom of her frailtie at length, and concluded, that with such a man (and named him, but I hope you would not haue me follow her steppes and name him too) she practised the vniuersall & common Art of grafting, and that vpon her good mans head, they

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two had planted a monstrous paire of invisible hoznes : At the sound of the hoznes , my cobbler started vpppe like a march Ware, and began to looke wilde : his awle neuer ranne through the sides of a boote , as that word did through his heart : but being a politicke cobbler, and remembzring what pæce of woꝝke he was to vnder-lay, stroking his beard , like some graue headboꝝough of the Parish, and giuing a nodde, as who should say, goe on , bade her goe on indeed , clapping to her soze soule, this generall salue, that All are sinnes, and we must forgiue, &c. For hee hoped by such wholesome Physicke, (as Shoemakers ware being laide to a byle) to draw out all the corruption of her secret villanies . She good heart being tickled vnder gilles , with the finger of these kind speeches, turnes by the white of her eye, and fetches out another . Another , *O* thou that art trained vp in nothing but to handle pæces :) Another hath discharged his Artillery against thy castle of fortification : here was passion predominant : Vulcan strooke the cobblers ghost (for he was now no cobbler) so hardy vpon his bzeast , that he cryed *O* ! his neighbours taking pitte to see what terrible stiches puld him , rubde his swelling temples with the iuice of patience , which (by vertue of the blackish sweate that stode reaking on his browes , and had made them supple) entred very easily into his now-parlous-vnderstanding scull : so that he left wenching , and sate quiet as a Lamb , falling to his old vomite of counsell , which he had cast vp besoze , and swearing (because he was in strong hope, this shew should wzing him no moze) to seale her a generall acquittance , prickt soꝝward with this gentle spur , her tongue mends his pace , so that in her confession shee ouertooke others , whose pæces had bene set all night on the Cobblers laast , bestowing vppon him the poe sie of their names, the time, and place , to thin tent it might be put into his next wifes wedding ring . And although shee had made all these blots in his tables , yet the bearing of one man falle (whom she had not yet discovered) stucke moze in her stomacke than all the rest . *O* baliant Cobbler , cries out one of the Auditoꝝs , how art thou set vpon : how are thou tempted : happy arte thou, that thou art not in thy shop , for in stead of cutting out pæces of leather , thou wouldest doubtlesse now pare away thy hart : soz I see,

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and so do all thy neighbours here (thy wifes ghostly fathers) let that a small matter would now cause thee turne turk, & to meddle with no moze patches: but to liue within the compasse of thy wit: lift not vp thy collar: be not hozne mad: thanke heauen that the murther is reueald: study thou Baltazars Part in Ieronimo, for thou hast moze cause (though lesse reason) than he, to be glad and sad.

Well, I see thou art woorthy to haue patient Grifeld to thy wife, for thou bearest moze than she: thou shewst thy selfe to be a right cobler, and no soluter, that canst thus cleanly clout vp the seam-rent sides of thy affection. With this learned Oration the Cobler was tutoyd: layd his finger on his mouth, and cried *pau-cos palabros*: he had sealed her pardon, and therefore bid her not feare: heerupon he named the malefactor, I could name him too, but that he shall liue to giue moze Coblers heads the Bassinado. And told, that on such a night when he sapt there (for a Lord may sup with a cobler, that hath a pretty wench to his wife) when the cloth, & treacherous linnen was taken vp, and Menelaus had for a parting blow, given the other his fist: downe she lights (this half-tharar) opening the wicket, but not shutting him out of the wicket, but conuicts him into a by-room (being the wardrob of old shoes and leather) from whence the vnicorne cobbler (that dreamt of no such spirits) being ouer head and eares in sleape, his snoztling giuing the signe that he was cock-sare, softly out-steales sir Paris, and to Helenaes teeth proued himselfe a true Trojan.

This was the creame of her confusion, which being skimd off from the stomach of her conscience, we looked every minute to goe thither, where we should be farre enough out of the Coblers reach. But the fates laying their heades together, sent a repzue, the plague that befoze meant to pepper her, by little and little left her company: which newes being blowne abroad, Oh lamentable! neuer did the olde buskind tragedy beginne till now: for the wiues of those husbands, with whom she had playd at fast and lose, came with nayles sharpened for the nonce, like cattles, and tongues forkedly cut like the stings of adders, first to scratch out false Cressidaes eyes, and then (which was worse) to wozy her to dath with scolding.

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But the matter was toke vp in a Lauerne; the case was altered, and bzought to a new reckoning (maye the blood of the Burdeaux grape was first shed about it) but in the end, all anger on every side was powzed into a pottle pot, & there burnt to death. Now whether this Recantation was true, or whether the steele of infection, turning vp (like wine) into her bzaines, made her talks thus idely, I leave it to the Jury.

And whilst they are rannasing her case, let vs see what doings the Sexton of Stepney hath: whose ware-houses being all full of dead commodities, saving one: that one hee left open a whole night (yet was it halfe full too) knowing y^e theues this yeare were too honest to bzeak into such cellers. Besides those that were left there, had such plaguy pates, that none durst meddle with them for their liues. About twelue of the clock at midnight, when spiritites wake, and not a mouse dare stirre, because cattles goe a catter-walling: Sinne, that all day durst not shew his head, came reeling out of an ale-house, in the shape of a drunkard, who no sooner smelt the winde, but he thought the ground vnder him danced the Canaries: houses seemed to turne on the toe, and all things went round: insomuch, that his legges dzew a paire of Indentures, betwene his body and the earth, the p^rincipal covenant being, that he for his part would stand to nothing what euer he saw: every tree that came in his way, did he iustle, and yet challenge it the next day to fight with him. If he had clipt but a quarter so much of the Kings siluer, as he did of the kings english, his carkas had long ere this bene carrion for Crowses. But, he liued by gaming, and had excellent casting, yet selbome won, for he dzew reasonable good hands, but had very bad feete, that were not able to carry it away. This setter vp of Hault-men, being troubled with the staggers, fell into the selfe-same graue, that stood gaping wide open for a breakfast next morning, and imagining (when he was in) that he had stumbled into his owne house, and that all his bedfellowes (as they were indeede) were in their dead sleepe, he, (neuer complaining of colde, nor calling for more sheete) soundly takes a nap til he snozes again: In the morning the Sexton comes plodding along, and casting vpon his fingers ends what he hopes y^e dead pay of that day will come too, by that
which

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that which he receiued the day before, (for Sertons now had better doings than either Tauerne or bakdy-houses) In that sinister contemplation, shrugging his shoulders together, he steppes ere he be aware on the bymies of that pit, into which this worshipping of Bacchus wasalne, where finding some dead mens bones, and a scull or two, that laie scattered here and there; before he lookt into this Coffer of wormes, those he takes vp, and flinges them in: one of the sculls battered the sconce of the sleeper, whilst the bones plaide with his nose; whose blowes waking his mustie worship, the first word that he cast vp, was an oath, and thinking the Cannes had flyen about, cryed; vnderes, what do you meane to cracke my mazer? the Serpton smelling a voice, (fear being stronger than his heart) belaued verily some of the coarles spake to him, vpon which, feeling himselfe in a cold sweate, woke his heles, whilst the Goblin scrambled vp and ranne after him: But it appeares the Serpton had the lighter foote, for he ran so fast, that hee ranne out of his twittes, which being left behinde him, he had like to haue dyed presently after.

A merper bargaine than the poze Sertons did a Winker mette withall in a Countrey Towne; through which a Citizen of London being driven (to keepe himselfe vnder the lee-shore in this tempestuous contagion) and casting vp his eye for some harbour, spied a bush at the ende of a pole, (the ancient badge of a Countrey Ale-house:) Into which as good lucke was, (without any resistance of the Barbarians, that all this yeare beses to keepe such landing places) velling his Bonnet, he stricke in. The Host had bene a mad Croke, (maye he could nott speake nothing but English,) a goodly fat Burger he was, with a belly Arching out like a Beere-barrell, which made his legges (that were thicke & short, like two piles driven vnder London-bridge) to straddle halfe as wide as the toppes of Beuoles, which vpon my knowledge hath bene burnt thioce or thyece. A leatherne pouch hung at his side, that opened and shut with a Snap-hance, and was indeed a flasse for gun-powder when King Henry went to Bulloigne. An Antiquary might haue pickt rare matter but of his pole, but that it was worne-eaten (yet that proued it to

small gage) when hee glimmed by the light of the candle, and saw it to be
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The wonderfull yeare.

be an auncient Pole :) In some corners of it, there were blewish holes that shone like shelles of mother of Pearle, and to tow his nose right, Pearles had bene gathered out of them: other were richly garnisht with Rubies, Chrysolites and Carbuncles, which glistered so oziently, that the Hamburgers offered I know not how many Dollars, for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to haue stode a nightes in the Wake of their Admirall, onely to saue the charges of candles. In conclusion, he was an Host to be ledde before an Emperour, and though he were one of the greatest men in all the shire, his bignes made him not proude, but he humbled himselfe to speake the base language of a Tapster, and vpon the Londoners first arrivall, cryed welcome, a cloth for this Gentleman: the Linnen was spread, and furnisht presently with a new Cake and a Can, the roome voided, and the Guest left (like a French Lord) attended by no bodie: who drinking halfe a Can (in conceit) to the health of his best friend in the Citie, which late extreame sicke, and had neuer more needs of health, I knowe not what qualmes came over his stomach, but immediately he fell downe without uttering any more wordes, and neuer rose againe.

Anon (as it was his fashion) enters my puffing Host, to relieue with a fresh supply out of his Celler,) the shrinking Can, if hee perceiued it stode in danger to be ouerthrowne. But seeing the chiefe Leader doopt at his feete, and imagining at first hee was but wounded a little in the head, held vp his golty golles and blest himselfe, that a Londoner (who had wont to be the most valiant rob-pots) should now be strooke downe only with two hopes: and therevpon iogs him, sombling out these comfortable wordes of a souldier, If thou be a man stand a thy legges: he stode not for all this: whersvpon the Haydes being raised (as it had bene with a hue and cry) came hobling into the roome, like a flocke of Geese, and hauing vpon search of the bodie giuen vp this verdict, that the man was dead, and murdered by the Plague; Oh daggers to all their hearts that heard it! Away scrudge the wenches, and one of them hauing had a freckled face all her life time, was perswaded presently that now they were the

the tokens, and had liked to haue turned vp her heeles vpon it:
My gozbelly Host, that in many a yeare could not without grun-
ting, crabble ouer a threshold but two foote broad, leapt halfe a
yarde from the coarce (It was measured by a Carpenters rule)
as nimble as if his guts had bene taken out by the hangman:
out of the house he wallowed presently, being followed with
two or thre dozen of napkins to drie by the larde, that ranne
so fast downe his heeles, that all the way he went, was more
greazie than a kitchin-stuffes-wifes basket: you would haue
sworne, it had bene a barrell of Pitch on fire, if you had lo-
ked vpon him, for such a smoakie clowde (by reason of his
owne fattie hotte stæme) compassed him rounde, that but for
his voyce, hee had quite bene lost in that stincking myst: han-
ged himselfe hee had without all question (in this pittifull ta-
king) but that hee feared the weight of his intollerable paunch,
would haue burst the Roape, and so hee should bee put to a
double death. At length the Towne was raised, the Coun-
trei came downe vpon him, and yet not vpon him neither,
for after they vnderstood the Tragedie, euery man gaue ground,
knowing my pursie Ale-cunner could not follow them: what
is to bee done in this straunge Allarum? The whole Village
is in daunger to lye at the mercy of God, and shall bee bound
to curse none, but him for it: they should doe well therefore,
to set fire on his house, before the Plague scape out of it, least
it forrage higher into the Countrey, and knocke them downe,
man, woman, and childe, like Dren, whose blood (they all
swear) shall bee required at his handes. At these speeches my
tender-hearted Host, fell downe on his maribones, meaning
indeede to entreat his audience to bee good to him; but they fea-
ring hee had bene pepperd too, as well as the Londoner, tum-
bled one vpon another, and were ready to breake their neckes
for haste to be gone: yet some of them (being more valiant then
the rest, because they heard him roare out for some helpe) very
desperately stept backe, and with rakes and pitch-forkes lifted the
gulch from the ground: Concluding (after they had laid their hogs-
heads together, to bray out som holesom counsell) that whosoever
would ventur vpon the dead man & bury him, should haue fortie

shillings (out of the common towne-purse, though it would be a great cut to it) with the loue of the Churchwardens and Aldermen, during the terme of life. This was proclaimed, but none durst appeare to vndertake the dreadfull execution: they loued money well, mary the plague hanging ouer any mans head that should meddle with it in that sort, they all volude to be beggers befoze it should be Chronicled they kild themselves for forty shillings: and in that braue resolution, euery one with bagge & baggage marcht home, barricadoing their doores & windowes with furbushes, ferne, and bundels of straw to keepe out the pestilence at the stanes ende.

At last a Tinker came sounding thzough the Towne, mine Hosts house being the auncient watring place where he did vse to cast Anchoz. You must vnderstand hee was none of those base rascally Tinkers, that with a ban-dog and a dyab at their tayles, and a pike-staffe on their necks, will take a purse sooner then stop a kettle: No, this was a deuout Tinker, he did honoz God Pan: a Muslicall Tinker, that vpon his kettle-drum could play any Countrey dance you cald for, and vpon Holly-dayes had earned money by it, when no fiddler could be heard of. Hee was onely feared when he stalkt thzough some townes where Bees were, for he strucke so sweetely on the bottome of his Copper instrument, that he would empie whole Hives, and leade the swarmes after him only by the sound.

This excellent egregious Tinker calls for his draught (being a double Fugge) it was fild for him, but befoze it came to his nose, the lamentable tale of the Londoner was tolde, the Chamber-dore (where hee lay) being thrust open with a long pole, because none durst touch it with their hands) and the Tinker bidden (if he had the heart) to goe in and see if hee knew him. The Tinker being not to learne what vertue the medicine had which hee held at his lippes, powzed it downe his thzocate merily, and crying trillill, he seares no plagues. In hee slept, tossing the dead body to and fro, and was sozrie hee knew him not: Mine Hoste that with grieve began to fall away villanously, looking very ruthfully on the Tinker, and thinking him a fit instrument to be playd vpon, offered a crowne out of his owne

stone purse, if he would bury the partie. A crowne was a shrewd temptation to a Tinker; many a hole might he stop, before he could picke a crowne of it, yet being a subtil Tinker (& to make all sortons pray for him, because he would raise their fees) an Angell he wanted to be his guide, and under ten shillings (by his ten bones) he would not put his finger into the fire. The whole parish had warning of this presently, thirtie shillings was saved by the bargaine, and the Crowne like to be saved too, therefore ten shillings was leaved out of hand, put into a rag, which was tyed to the ende of a long pole and deliuered (in sight of all the Parish, who stood aloofe stopping their noses) by the Beadboroughs owne selfe in proper person, to the Tinker, who with one hand received the money, and with the other struck the word, crying hey, a fresh double pot. Which armor of prowse being fitted to his body, by he hoists the Londoner on his backe (like a Schoole-boy) a Shovel and Pickaxe standing ready for him: And thus furnished, into a field some good distance from the Crowne he beares his deadly load, and there throwes it downe, falling roundly to his soles, upon which the strong beere having set an edge, they quickly cut out a lodging in the earth for the Citizen. But the Tinker knowing that wormes needed no apparell, saving onely sheetes, stript him starke naked, but first diu'de nimble into his pocket, to see what linings they had, assuring him selfe, that a Londoner would not wander so farre without silver: his hopes were of the right stampe, so from out of his pockets he drew a leatherne bagge with seven pounds in it: this musicke made the Tinkers heart dance, he quickly tumbled his man into the graue, hid him ouer head and eares in dust, bound up his cloathes in a bundle, & carrying that at the end of his staffe on his shoulder, with the purse of seven pounds in his hand, backe againe comes he through the towne, crying aloud, Haue ye any more Londoners to bury, hey downe a downe dery, haue ye any more Londoners to bury: the Hobbinolls running away from him, as if he had beene the dead Citizens ghost, & he marching away from them in all the hast he could, with that song still in his mouth.

You see therefore how dreadfull a fellows Death is, making

foles euen of wisemen, and cowards of the most valiant; yea, in such a bale flauerie hath it bound mens senses, that they haue no power to looke higher than their owne noses, but seeme by their turkish and barbarous actions to belieue that there is no felicitie after this life, and that (like beasts) their soules shall perish with their bodies. How many vpon sight onely of a Letter (sent from London) haue started backe, and durst haue layd their saluation vpon it, that the plague might be folded in that empty paper, believing verily, that the arme of Omnipotence could neuer reach them, vlesse it were with some weapon drawne out of the infected Citie: in so much that euen the Westerne Dogs receiving money there, haue lpyd it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so traile it thzough the Thames, least plague-sores sticking vpon shillings, they should be nailed vp for counterfeits when they were brought home.

More ventrous than these block-heads was a certaine Justice of peace, to whose gate being shut (so you must know that now there is no open house kept) a company of wilde fellows being lead for robbing an Orchard, the stout-hearted Constable rapt most contragiously, and would haue about with none, but the Justice himselfe, who at last appeared in his likenesse aboue at a window, inquiring why they summonsd a parlar. It was deliuered why: the case was opened to his examining wisdom, and that the euill doers were onely Londoners: at the name of Londoners, the Justice clapping his hand on his brest (as who should say, Lord haue mercie vpon vs) started backe, and being wise enough to saue one, held his nose hard betwene his fore-finger and his thumbe, and speaking in that wise (like the fellow that described the villainous motion of Iulius Caesar and the Duke of Guize, who (as he gaue it out) fought a combat together) pulling the casement close to him, cryed out in that quail-pipe voice, that if they were Londoners, away with them to Limbo: take onely their names: they were soze fellows, and he would deale with them when time should serue: meaning, when the plague and they should not be so great together, and so they departed: the very name of Londoners being worse then ten whetstones to sharpen the sword of Justice against them.

The wonderfull yeare.

I could fill a large volume, and call it the second part of the hundred merry tales, onely with such ridiculous stasse as this of the Justice, but *Dij meliora*, I haue better matters to set my wits about: neither shall you wzing out of my pen (though you lay it on the rack) the villanies of that damnd keeper, who kild all she kept; it had bene good to haue made her keeper of the common Playe, and the holes of both Counters, for a number lye there, that wish to be rid out of this motley world, shee would haue tickled them, and turned them over the thumbs. I will likewise let the Church-warden in Thames streete sleepe (for hee is now past waking) who being requested by one of his neighbors to suffer his wife or child (that was then dead) to lye in the Churchyard, answered in a mocking sort, he kept that lodging for himselfe and his household: and within thre dayes after was dzinen to hide his head in a hole himselfe. Neither will I speake a word of a poore boy (seruant to a Chandler) dwelling thereabouts, who being struck to the heart by sicknes, was first caried away by water, to be left any where, but landing being denyed by an army of browne bill men that kept the shoze, back againe was he brought, and left in an out-celler, where lying groueling and groning on his face (amongst sagots, but not one of them set on fire to comfort him) there continued all night, and dyed miserably for want of succor. For of another poore wretch in the Parish of Saint Mary Oueryes, who being in the morning throwne, as the fashion is, into a graue vpon a heape of carcases, that kayd for their complement, was found in the afternoone, gasping and gaping for life: but by these tricks, imagining that many a thousand haue bene turned wrongfully off the ladder of life, and praying that Derick or his executors may liue to do those a good turne, that haue done so to others:

Hic finis Priami, heeres an end
of an old Song.

Et iam tempus Equum fumantia soluere colla.

E I N I S.